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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914. NUMBER 5.

IMMORTALITY.

I shall be strength to those who follow after;
I shall be joy and star-shine in the west;
I shall be sound and song and children's laughter
Long after I'm at rest.

I shall be light and color in a dawning;
I shall be life's high noon some happy day;
I shall be evening to the sun of morning
When I have lived my day.

I shall be hope, in earth and hell and heaven;
I shall be man in each of all the three;
I shall be God at last when I am given
The hope that lives in me.

Dedicated to J. Ll. J. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

With Ulster armed and sullen, with threatened mutiny in the English army, and the air surcharged with fanatic religious obsession of pent-up, age-old hatred—and, mixed with it all, the rancor of partisan politics—it is hard to know what will happen. Such a strange atmosphere of passion is difficult to realize. Men otherwise sane, go off their heads and talk wildly of civil war, fanning fanaticism into fury for partisan purposes. Surely the formula of Sir Edward Grey—"Home Rule Within Home Rule"—should not be difficult to work out to the satisfaction of all concerned, with a little concession and common-sense. Toryism, in its desperation, seems willing to go to any length. But it is hoped that the Liberal leaders will keep their wits, despite the hot heads among them, and work out a wiser way of giving Ireland home-rule, while protecting the Protestantism of Ulster. As the situation now stands, it is as potential with danger as with disgrace.

Here is good news. Alfred Noyes has accepted a position as lecturer in English literature in Princeton University, and will here-after belong in part to America. Having married an American girl, it was she who induced him to visit this country two years ago, when he made so many friends and where he has found so enthusiastic a response to his song. He has no apology to make for being a poet, but speaks under the inner compulsion of genius and with a sense of joy and power. There is divine fire in this modest young man who dares to reaffirm the right of poetry to be heard in a heedless world. He holds poetry to be not simply a luxury, but a necessity to noble and fruitful living. When he first walked into the temple and asked to sing, there were few to listen; but he sang so sweetly, and with such joyous note, that soon the few, and then the many, welcomed a new authentic singer of the old, eternal song. Welcome to Alfred Noyes, and may the vision grow and abide!

The death of Canon Driver takes from the church and the world one of its most finished scholars and finest spirits. When he was appointed by Gladstone in 1883 to succeed Dr. Pusey, it seemed as if the world was indeed being turned upside down—for Pusey had set his face against all modern tendencies in general, and the Higher Criticism in particular. There was great commotion when, later, Driver published his "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament." Through it all he maintained the dignity and sweetness of a Christian gentleman, and lived to see his contentions become the common and accepted positions of orthodox scholarship. His thoroughness of method, his mastery of his materials, his whole-hearted devotion to the truth, and the nobility of his spirit won the day. Much learning had not made him mad; he had a robust common-sense, and his bias, so far as he had any, was conservative. He was no dryasdust, but he had an attractive and gracious personality; and his critical work was illumined by spiritual feeling and insight. "Twenty-five years hence I shall be regarded as quite orthodox," he was wont to say; but so rapidly does the world move that his prediction had already come to pass before he died.

John Galsworthy is moved to make protest, in a letter to the London *Times,* against Parliament debating endlessly about tariff reform, Home Rule and more battleships, and leaving untouched great barbarities admitted to be anathema; such things, for example, as

Sweating of women workers.
Insufficient feeding of children.
Employment of boys on work that to all intents ruins their chances in after-life.
Foul housing of those who have as much right as you and I to the first necessities of life.
Consignment of paupers to lunatic asylums.
Exporting of horses worn out by work for Englishman.
Caging of wild things, especially of wild song birds, and the importation of plumes of ruthlessly slain mother-birds.

Such things as these, he reminds us, are suffered amongst us year by year, and they do more secret harm to our spiritual life, more damage to human nature than the admission of Tariff Reform, or the granting or non-granting of Home Rule. Yet they are not even mentioned in the proceedings of Parlia-

ment—nor, we may add, in that bright and entertaining journal called the *Congressional Record.* Indeed, he might have made a much longer list of things overlooked and left undone; but what a revelation of the real Galsworthy, who has been hiding behind an aloof and withering irony! And this is the man whom some mistook for a cynic! Shade of Thackeray, behold a man so tender-hearted that he is stung to satire by the coarse and stupid cruelty of man!

To all who have longed to adore infinite Love and Right and Truth; who have sought and have not yet found, this little book is dedicated by one who once sought in great darkness, and who, in the midst of that darkness, resolved to share the fate of all his brothers, light or no light, heaven or no heaven. The moment that resolve was made, the heavens were opened, and the light of God shone round about him. Sixty years have passed away, but that light shines on. Beloved friends, may you also find that light, and rejoice in its shining!

So has the Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop inscribed his last book, "The Supreme Reality," on Thanksgiving Day, 1912; and it gives us the key to the life of a man as brotherly in his spirit as he is brave in his thinking. The book has a man in it—a man who came to grips with great issues of life and death, and wrestled with reality. It would be hard to find more of the real meat of the matter in a smaller compass. His sermon on "The Concealment of God" is memorable for its depth, beauty and satisfying insight into ultimate things. Every page of this little book is stamped with the image of a deep-souled, true-hearted, clear-seeing man, splendidly fearless, utterly loyal to the truth. He knows that the highest is found not by the solitary thinker, but by the seeker who toils in the great communion of humanity.

Dr. Calthrop has a keen eye for reality, and a fine sense of humor. When his friend William James said that the *soul* had no place in *psychology,* he merely remarked that if you take *Psyche* out of *psychology* there is not much left, as if Hamlet were omitted from Hamlet. That arrow hit the mark, and James had to admit that his phrase was more jaunty than just. The book contains two sonnets to James, whose personality was as fascinating as his philosophy was fantastic. It is good to have such a book, containing the distilled essence of the deepest thought of a man who is faithful to his vision and a friend to his fellow souls.

Time out of mind it has been said that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy. But is it so? No doubt a certain friction is inevitable in the passing of the Rule of Force and the advent of the Rule of Numbers; but what means the obvious and growing lack of confidence in any appeal to the inner and spiritual? Reliance is being increasingly put upon coercion of the will by external pressure. More and more men are looking for deliverance to the State, as if law can heal all our maladies. Either public opinion, or law, or the tyranny of numbers is the modern evangel. We are living under the collective despotism predicted by Spencer forty years ago. We are frankly taught that no advantage can be secured except by making ourselves a general nuisance, or by becoming a menace to the class we wish to influence. So far as this spirit spreads it is a counsel of despair, a denial of the supremacy of mind, a renunciation of the Christian religion. What is the meaning of this tendency?

Obeisance to the divinity of mere numbers is a superstition. Massed ignorance never yet has made wisdom, as Carlyle reminded Emerson. Truth is not proved by the counting of noses, nor does the vote of a majority make a thing right. Crowds without vision, multitudes without spiritual faith, throngs without character, are a peril and may be a plague. No, democracy will not save us. Our democracy needs to be saved from itself. What we need is the still, strong man in a blatant age, valiant enough to be free, faithful enough to be firm, fearless enough to face the masses and stand for the right, despite the winds of passion. Call the names of the great soldiers of social righteousness, from Luther to Lincoln, and it will be seen that they were *men of God.*

Editorial Wanderings

DEAR UNITY READERS:—

Already I have passed the half-way post, in point of time. I am facing homeward, but my itinerary still follows "westward the star of empire." I left Chicago on the evening of February 24th, in a snow storm which put me into Louisville five hours late. The winds of Chicago, chilled in Canada, have ungraciously followed me all the way around the circle. It was bitter cold in Atlanta, it was not warm in Birmingham, and it was snowy in Oklahoma, which has belied its fair promises and sunny reputation.

Notwithstanding all this, the one who "escapes" from Chicago work and weather on the plea of a menaced throat, has been talking incessantly, and the throat is holding out. In the twenty-five days he has been absent he has scattered twenty-four lectures and addresses throughout Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas and Oklahoma. At Cincinnati, Nashville, Birmingham, Little Rock and Pine Bluff, Ark., he was at home in Jewish temples and received the hearty welcome that has become habitual from the synagogues of the South. Circumstances consenting, the editor of UNITY could have spent his March escape delightfully in talking to, for and with the Jewish ministers of the South, who present an

open door to all intellectual, civic and municipal adventure and progress.

In Louisville I was the guest of the Unitarian Society, and fitted into one of the stated feasts of the church, an open supper tendered by the men's club, some two hundred strong. After the "bountiful repast," the company retired into the beautiful auditorium and listened to my address on Joseph Priestly, one of the "Believing Heretics." Maxwell Savage, the energetic pastor, is proving to be the son of his father in his power to interest men; he has courage to lead on thought lines and to declare himself on civic issues. The church building is an architectural witness to the change of church life in the last forty years. It has an ample and beautiful auditorium, said to be one of the most satisfactory pieces of Gothic architecture in the city, and it has a fine organ; but the social rooms in the rear are cramped and wholly inadequate. The dream of the young pastor to push out the walls and extend and multiply the work rooms will doubtless soon be realized.

In Atlanta, the four days called for six addresses, one a sermon on a Sunday morning to the little band of Unitarians who are patiently enduring the inconveniences of a hall in the early prospect of a new church, already planned and provided for. On Sunday evening I addressed another small company of liberals in a pretty little Universalist Church. Although the audience at each place was pronounced generous there was plenty of room for more at both. Somebody has blundered and some bodies are continuing the sin in permitting this division of the liberal forces working for the open church in Atlanta. The would-be "Liberals" have little to say and less to show to those whom they blame for dividing into sectarian camps the forces of Protestant Christianity, hindering religious growth and unity by the many and wasteful denominational subdivisions. Thus far they also have failed to stand together and work together for the open spirit, the helping hand and the growing mind, in religion. The courage and devotion of these pastors ought to prepare the way for the coming together of the forces that, in due time, will give to this great and growing city of Atlanta, the Chicago of the South, a People's Church, with the open door and the warm heart, which will become the fitting power house of the spirit.

After the close of the second Sunday service, at nine o'clock in the evening, there was still another sermon asked for, and it was delivered in the colored Congregational Church of Atlanta. Without doubt this is the most significant, efficient, progressive and practical church of the colored race in the South. It is an Institutional Church, finely equipped, well manned and under the splendid leadership of an efficient pastor. The large and intelligent audience made this third sermon of the day an inspiration to the speaker.

The Atlanta University (colored), one of the oldest and best equipped educational institutions in Georgia, was the place of an address one evening. Here the hospitality of the accomplished president, Mr. Ware, and his wife, was enjoyed. The grace and refinement that honored Massachusetts, has helped to make them the appreciated and beloved leaders of the colored people. This institution, conceived soon after the war closed, nursed into power by such generous, liberal men of the North as General O. O. Howard, and still largely, but not adequately, supported by friends in the North, has won the confidence of both black and white and has fostered public spirit throughout the south. Notwithstanding eminent work done elsewhere, Atlanta is still to be regarded as the Athens of the colored race in America, so varied and well managed are its educational institutions,—a closer study of which was impossible to the editor of UNITY, much to his regret. At Atlanta there is a Dramatic League of seven hundred members, representing not only much public enthusiasm in the interest of the higher drama, but much careful study and comparative work with and in the interest of the great masters of the drama. The lecture on Henrik Ibsen before this society one afternoon filled the large hall with six or seven hundred most cordial and appreciative listeners.

The next stop was at Lanett, a cotton mill town in Alabama. Here an inadequate child labor law, carelessly enforced, if not wholly neglected, was frankly confessed. There is reason to believe that this is a typical town in this respect. Here the audience was not large; forty or fifty young men and women, representing the higher class of operatives, were reported as having turned away from the door when they discovered there were to be no pictures. They did not propose to "spend no fifteen cents for mere talk."

The next stop was at Camp Hill, Ala. Here our friend, Rev. Lyman Ward, with a devoted band of teachers, is striving hard to do for the young men and women of the white race, in one of the most unschooled counties in Alabama, what Booker T. Washington is doing so successfully for the colored boys and girls of the "black belt" thirty miles away. Here were delivered six addresses in four days, including a Sunday morning sermon at the cozy little Universalist Church.

To go from Camp Hill to Tuskegee, is to pass in two or three hours from a little school of a hundred students, with its four hundred acres of partially tilled land, cramped on every side for want of means, but doing unmeasured good work among people who are intellectually needy and spiritually neglected, to

one of the most complete, successful, triumphant and growing educational institutions of any color, in any State, in the Union. The story of Tuskegee is more than a twice told tale to the readers of UNITY. I have watched its growth from the beginning and have rejoiced in the marked advancement manifest between each of my numerous visits. Here are stately new buildings, splendid stretches of new roads, promising avenues of growing trees, with a thousand evidences of masterful attention to details on every hand. Here is a community of three thousand people, including teachers and pupils, with 4,000 acres of land, much of it under a high state of cultivation, with a material plant in the way of buildings, stock, tools, etc., worth at least two million dollars and an endowment of almost two million dollars more. These conditions witness not only to the successful leadership of Booker T. Washington, but to the disinterested spirit of generous men and women scattered from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the Lakes. Still further, they witness magnificently to one thing more, the educability of the colored race; the marvelous rise of a people but one generation removed from abject servitude. What has been done here is being done, with less adequate support, at many other points, and might be done in countless other places. What is being done here at Tuskegee for the black and bleached Africans must be done for countless whites in the South. We say "bleached Africans" deliberately, because science no more than morals and religion can much longer ignore the solemn facts that gather around and lurk behind the MULATTO multitudes, in American sociology.

After five addresses in two days and much sightseeing at Tuskegee, the senior editor visited Chapman and Brewton, lumber towns in southern Alabama, great manufacturing centers in the heart of the "piney woods." How vacant of human life, to northern eyes, seem these pine stretches; but the saws of commerce are at work gnawing away the stately forests in a relentless fashion. When the trees are gone, what next? "Can't make lumber without niggers," was the epigram of one of the successful lumber kings. But when the pines are gone and the lumber is made, the negroes will remain, and the need of laborers to till the soil and of intelligent citizens to justify the wealth of Alabama will remain. Let economists, legislators and philanthropists remember this.

Birmingham is the capital city of the South for UNITY, its message and its messenger. It is sixteen years since Rabbi Newfield, and Prof. John Phillips of the public schools, and the enthusiastic lay preacher, Mr. Ullman, opened here the first door in the South for the editor of UNITY. From that beginning has come the annual expedition in the interest of social breadth and that religious culture that undertakes to fit the revelations of science and the inspirations of literature into the daily needs of common men and women. This year's visit was in time for me to add a postscript to the dedication of a beautiful new temple, a real triumph in architecture and a splendid contribution to the sane life and civic needs of Birmingham.

The Sunday afternoon address in the new auditorium to a large representative audience of the best life of Birmingham, Jew and Gentile, was civic consecration of the Temple.

From Birmingham a trip was made to Little Rock, from there to Pine Bluff, Arkansas, then a long flight to Oklahoma. A two days' intimacy with the State University at Norman was greatly enjoyed. Four lectures largely attended by the student body and faculty afford an interesting opportunity to read between the lines the story of this embryo of what some day must be a great institution. It is great already in its dreams. It is already magnificent in its hopes, but let presidents, students and taxpayers dream their wildest and hope their biggest, they will not reach the facts of a hundred years from now. Oklahoma is more extensive in its territory than all of New England, already its capital is metropolitan to the eye.

The story of the Oklahoma University is a sad one. In territorial times it was a plum basket, filled with luscious fruit to be handed out one by one to the regents, presidents and professors who would, primarily, consent to serve the whims of the party boss and incidentally do what they could for education. There is more than a suspicion that for years the Oklahoma University was the vest pocket perquisite of the sage of Danville, Ill.; "Uncle Joe" had to be reckoned with. Presidents, teachers, committees and regents were changed with each change of administration, and sometimes two or more "boards" were in office at one time. But all this is passing. Perhaps the "bosses" themselves grew sick of the game and the politicians grew ashamed of themselves. Now, this institution of a thousand students, with a faculty gathered from every section of the country, gleaned from the higher institutions of the North, South and East, is presided over by a man who served his apprenticeship as superintendent of the Boston public schools. He came with the distinct understanding that he was to have a free hand untrammeled by party and politics and to be independent of local pulls and prejudices.

What have I been talking about? The old themes, "Emerson," "Lincoln," "The Over-lapping Territory in Religion," the "Three R's, a Plea for the Better Education," "Cease Firing, a Plea for Disarmament," "Robert E. Lee, the Man who Conquered Defeat," etc., etc. Five times the story of Robert E. Lee has been told, always in the presence of veterans who wore the

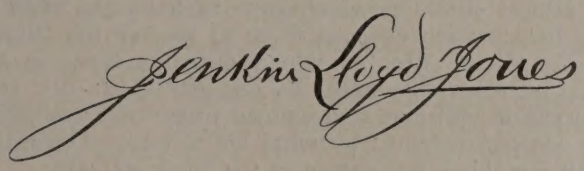
gray and the blue, and each time the lesson has been enforcing the claims of highest loyalty, which implies the passing of the sword, the wickedness of battleships and the useless waste of standing armies.

What is the use of all this? "I do not know."

"You have changed my viewpoint; I will never think as I used to think on several things," were the words of one husky manly student, as his frank eyes looked into mine, as he was passing out in the line. He did not stop to give his name; I did not think of asking for it. On such slender testimonies I maintain my courage and persist in thinking that it pays.

Waiting for the train that is to carry me still westward—

Hastily, but lovingly your friend,



Is This Pessimism?

It is constantly said to me: Count your blessings! Look on the bright side; you are not blind or a cripple; you have your speech and memory. On these cold days you have warm clothes, the loaf is on the table and the fire is burning on the hearth. And the material prosperity will continue tomorrow and probably through all the tomorrows of your mortal life. And then there are the dear ones and the friends who love you.

This is all true; but stepping on the porch for a minute, I see a poor old horse standing hitched to a laundry sleigh. He is shivering and unblanketed. At this moment there comes a little boy, not too warmly clad, who wants me to buy a loaf of brown bread. His mother is a widow and does "home-baking" and tries in this way to keep her family together. And then I have learned that even in this so-called prosperous city there are a large number of people out of work who rely upon their daily wages to keep the loaf on the table.

Now if the shadow falls across my heart, am I a pessimist? Does it make my loaf taste sweeter that my neighbor has none? Can I be thankful for my breakfast when so many of my brothers and sisters, far better than I in every sense, do not know where their next breakfast is coming from?

Should I not look these sad facts in the face? To recognize these pitiable conditions does not make me any less strenuous for human emancipation.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

Dr. B. E. Fernow, dean of the forest school of the University of Toronto, and Bristow Adams, of the U. S. Forest Service, have just been elected president and secretary, respectively, of the Society of American Foresters, the only organization of professional foresters in the western hemisphere.

THE PULPIT

"Had I Been with Demetrius in Ephesus"

A Sermon

By REV. EDWIN A. RUMBALL
Rochester, N. Y.

I want to recall to your minds once again the story that we had for one of our readings this morning. The preaching of Paul in Asia Minor was turning many away from the old gods, and on one of his visits to Ephesus his sermon was the cause of stirring up a maker of silver images, named Demetrius. This man gathered together all the men in the same trade and began to tell them that their trade was being menaced, and that if this Paul was allowed to continue these sermons, the great worship which created their trade would pass away. They therefore became angry and started a riot which the mayor of the city had to quell.

Before taking up the significance of the story, I would like to read to you a post-card which came to me last November with the Philadelphia postmark upon it, but unsigned. Some year or two ago, I preached a sermon in that city, which I called "Had I been one of those in Galilee," and tried to transport our modern attitudes to that early day for the sake of the many lessons which such a thing might give. The post-card reads as follows:

> Eighteen centuries or more ago there was great excitement in Ephesus one morning. Hurrying to the theater came the pious manufacturers of the city, for they had been shocked to learn that certain blasphemers had come to town —men who publicly denied the existence of the great goddess Artemis—who were atheists proclaiming "no goddess, no master," save a certain Jew, who had been justly crucified in Syria; and if these blasphemers had their way the churches and the temples would be deserted, and business would be ruined. Wherefore they shouted: "Great is Artemis! Great is Artemis!" till even the city magistrate, fearing mob violence, had to intervene.

Then, at the foot of the post-card, underlined, were the words which I have made the title of this sermon: "If I had been with Demetrius in Ephesus. This is the hardest question of all." Nearly six months have passed away since I received the post-card, but I have often had that question brought to my mind by the things which are happening every day in our world, and when translated into modern terms it seemed a question worth talking about and considering together this morning. It *is* one of the hard questions of life, as the unknown writer of that post-card intimated. To have imagined what we should have done had we been with Jesus in Galilee is largely a question of ethics and religion. This also is a question of ethics and religion, but definitely linked up with the business of getting one's daily bread; it is an economic question, and in these days, when economic questions are well to the front, we have many reasons for dwelling upon it.

Let us talk for a while about the question in its first form, as it has come down the years to us. Let us us place ourselves back there in that early land and ask ourselves how we should have looked at the problem which the gospel of Paul presented to that pagan community. Let us frankly ask what we should have done. Let us see if there was anything

else that Demetrius could have done. Let us question ourselves as to whether these other possible actions were of a character that we might have made them ours.

Think of the excuses which might be made for Demetrius. The gospel of Paul was new to him and his fellow tradesmen. They did not know very much about its power or its good. It was one of those untried ideals, which might be good and might be bad. Judging it from Demetrius' point of view, there was not much in its favor, even if he wanted to be fair in his judgment. It was, as far as he could see, without much popular support. It is true that some of the little Jewish sects were beginning to look favorably upon it; but he was not a Jew, and he did not love Jews or their ways. But far worse than all this, the tendency of the entire message was against what he conceived as the true religion. It would empty the temples; the worship of his family and all that the customs of his fathers had honored was in danger; then, particularly for him, it was a distinct hurt to his business. This troubled him most and for this we judge him. There are few of us but would have had thoughts like these if we had been with Demetrius in Ephesus on that day when Paul came to preach.

But with all these excuses in mind, what might he have done? Was the thing which he did the only thing that was open to him? He certainly need not have made the fuss that he did. He might, for example, have had such faith in the goddess Diana that he could have ignored the sermons of this man Paul. He could have said to himself that such a gospeller could have no influence on the people of Ephesus, for was not the city of the Ephesians the temple-keeper of the great Diana? How could the message of a lonely, persecuted, wandering Jew have any effect on such people? He might therefore have gone on with his work and not troubled his soul about the new way of life or the new preacher.

Or there is a second thing he might have done: He might have shown fairness and asked, like other inquirers, the meaning of this new Way. He might have calmly considered, whether perhaps, after all, he might not be hearing something far superior to the religion of Diana, and therefore ought to listen respectfully to all that the passing missionary had to say. While we think of such an atttitude as more characteristic of these modern days of humble scientific research, it is not wholly wrong to look for such a spirit among the children of those nations which had felt something of the influence of Greek ideals.

Or as a third thing, he might have simply said that this new religion was a menace to the religion of Diana; that it was going to hurt all that was sacred in the place,—and he had every reason for thinking this,—and therefore he ought to oppose it with all his might and main. Perhaps you will feel that this is just what he did do. Yes, he did oppose it; but no one can read that early story without feeling that his opposition did not come from his reverence for Diana, did not arise from his love of the sacred things of the great city of Ephesus, did not arise because he felt that the customs of the fathers would be dishonored or the ideals of the children would be hindered. As we read the story it is unmistakable that *his whole reason was based upon the loss of trade which such a change in religion would mean to him.* His first act, after we are told that the silversmiths made little silver shrines for the goddess, and that their religion made much business for the craftsmen, is to gather the craftsmen together with the workmen of like occupation to say to them: "Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth," and after telling them that this Paul is preaching that gods made with hands have no meaning, he adds that "there is danger that our trade shall come into disrepute." The question for him was not, is this new religion true? Was not, is this new religion worthy of my consideration? But, will this new religion hurt my business? Do you see how modern this story is? The situation which Paul created in that city is being created in every city of our land by other evangelists of gospels which are not yet institutionalized in Gothic architecture and stained-glass windows. It is an ethical situation which runs to the very roots of our lives, which deepens them to receive the fulness of the divine life, or which destroys them in the most pitiful shallowness. By our attitude in just such a situation will men and women judge of us, whether we are trustworthy; by what we think of Demetrius shall our doom be written in the Book of Life.

Let us think for a moment of this situation in the terms of today. I have a friend whose income comes to some extent from the manufacture of sugar. Everything which affects the sugar trade, affects their plantations, and thus affects their pockets. When the question of a lower tariff was up recently for discussion, it was one thing for me, who did not own a sugar plantation, to discuss it favorably, and quite another thing for my friend to do the same. It is very hard to see the righteousness of anything which takes money from our pockets; indeed, some ethics have become so shallow that some of us have gradually come to the conclusion that everything which deprives us of money must of necessity be wrong. There is many a Demetrius today who is fighting to have the number of battleships increased in our land, to have the Panama Canal fortified, to call forth discredit on the pacific Mexican policy of President Wilson, because, like the silversmiths of old, these things bring no little business to them. The love of money blinds them to the righteousness of peace.

There is another Demetrius who runs a saloon in our city. He has put all his savings into it; his family depends on his work and its profits and increase of business for their support. There are some troublesome people who will continually talk about local option, who will continually advocate the abolition of the liquor traffic; so when he is called to defend the traffic he does not say that local option will take the bread away from my children; but he talks about the injustice of depriving a man of his living, especially after he has put his all in it, and when he put his all into it he had the sanction of the law for so doing and its protection. Indeed, the law virtually invited him into the business and now wishes to deprive him of it without any compensation.

This is doubtless the same way in which the people who had invested their money in the United States Express Company are talking. I mention these modern instances because I want to question the feeling which I am sure must be in many of your minds, namely, has not a man a right to fight for his busi-

ness and his bread and butter? Can we justify any man who allows others, even the law, to come in and destroy his living without a struggle on his part? In other words, was not Demetrius right in making all this fuss when his business of image-making was thus menaced? Judging by the actions of a large body of men and women today, I think that we shall have to say that Demetrius was right; but judging by the ideals by which we try to live, judging by the religion which in theory, at least, we give our homage to, can we say that a man is unconditionally bound to fight for the continuance of his living?

After having listened to Jesus for nearly two thousand years, preaching that "if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," and telling us in numerous ways that the "life is more than meat," we shall surely have to say that it is only right for a man to fight for the continuance of his living, *if that living is right and promises righteousness.*

The trouble with such a condition is that for a large majority of men and women the very idea of rightness will gather character to itself from the economic facts involved. Oh, how business, and the bread that perishes, blinds the eyes of men and women, and keeps them from seeing the ideals which they have not yet attained! Only a fool, we say, will allow a Paul to come in and destroy our business without protest! We want a low tariff, of course; it is right, we say, to want such a thing, but it need not touch sugar! Of course we want peace. Have we not prayed and sang for it ever since the angels sang in the highest. But there is no need, we add, to abolish the army; for if we do we abolish the contracts which *our* house has with the government. Let us have peace, but let us remember that a strong army is the best guarantee of such a peace! Certainly, a minimum wage for women and girls is all right. Our indignation is holy wrath over the story of their privations, but there is no need to inject all this theory of maximum profits, for that would prevent the employer from getting the extra wages he pays, back from the consumer. It can't be right, cries the modern Demetrius, for it would rob me and our stockholders of thousands of dollars a year. So the same old Ephesus stands and riots today over every Paul who dares to teach an ethic that will take money from us and deprive us of our living.

But we must not stop at translating this old story only into the terms of today. Every today has its tomorrow, and the morrow of this situation has often been hinted in the yesterdays of history. Every Demetrius has not acted as did Demetrius of Ephesus. There was once a certain Demetrius of the name of Paul, or rather Saul of Tarsus. He was respected and learned and moved in the best society. There came a day when he was placed in the same situation as this manufacturer of Ephesus. He heard of this religion which worshipped gods not made with hands, and because he feared its effects he also fought it and fought it hard. It was to his interests to fight it, for if he capitulated to it, he would have to surrender all his social connections and become the despised and rejected of men. Yet this man did what some of us call men fools for doing. He did take the course which was against his own interests and lost his standing in society and became one of the despised preachers of the new religion, and was even looked at suspiciously by the other preachers of that religion. "All things he counted loss." His story has been repeated all down the ages when men for right have died or for right have dared to live.

When the morrow gives birth to many more men and women who will for the right take the course which is against their own interests, we shall have gained in humanity and religion many fold, and never doubt that the loss is worth the gain.

One of the great pessimisms which we meet with today, which is casting its shadow over the earth, spoiling and cursing beautiful souls and filling even the best hearts with hopelessness, finds its source very largely in the kind of situation which Demetrius found himself in. It is the pessimism of thinking that life cannot be properly lived unless it is placed upon the bargain basis. It used to be said that it was wrong to be blinded by one's own interests. Now we are beginning to hear that it is human; that we ought not to expect anything else; that while men would like to do the right thing, it is not given them, their nature is not so framed, that they can perform the right, and that Demetrius did quite a human thing which most men would have done. He cannot afford! This is the worst kind of pessimism, for it eats away at all the generous side of human nature and makes love of no account or denies its name. It makes the heart sore to think of the standardless men and women who thus excuse themselves and their fellows. It is human, but it is humanity on the very lowest ranges. It is a humanity which many a savage has excelled when he has died for a future good and pushed life and all its present pleasures away from him. Without denying that it may be possible that men will fail us, let us expect the best from them; let us raise the standard for every Demetrius that we know; let every tempted man feel that when the crisis comes we at least are expecting the best from him.

In closing, I want to emphasize that there is no secret as to how the morrow will act in such situations; no new revelation will be made to the men of that coming day that is not made to us now. They will choose the higher only because they have an higher interest; that's all. If the main thing in life for us is the pay envelope and the dividend, our ethics and ideals will be just as low, and we shall be untrustworthy and discounted at that rate, and the oncoming years will find fewer and fewer friends at our side. In nothing is this better seen than in the contrast between love and lust. Love in its essence is a gift, a looking for nothing in return, a service which is unselfish and looking for no reward; while lust is selfish and cannot raise itself higher than taking from its object and using its object. Shakespeare has given us this contrast above many others:

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurped his name.

. . . . . .

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done,
Love surfeit's not, lust like a glutton dies,
Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

—*Venus and Adonis.*

Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;

O no! It is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth is unknown although his height be taken,
Love's not time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom;
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ and no man ever loved.

—*Sonnet* 116.

Tomorrow Demetrius will say: "It will hurt our business, but it's worth it."

You probably all have at home a very precious old book called "The Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan, one of the noble vindicators of the free religion under which we worship today. John Bunyan went to prison for his faith, in a day when some things in prison walls were harder than death. He was brought before his judges, so we are told, who said: "Hear your judgment. You must be taken back again to prison, there to lie during the king's pleasure. If you do not submit and go to church and hear divine service and leave your preaching, you must be banished this realm, and after that if you are found in this realm, without special license from the king, you must hang by the neck till you are dead." "And so," says Bunyan, "he bade my gaoler take me away," and turning to the judges he said: "I am a point with you. If I were out of prison today, I would preach the gospel again tomorrow by the help of God." This Demetrius had accepted a religion that was going to cost him something. But this part of the story is not all, noble as this much is. Now there came the parting from his wife and children, and he writes: "Oh, the thought of the hardship of my poor blind child. I thought it would break my heart in pieces. It was the pulling of the flesh from my bones. I saw I was a man who was pulling down his house upon the heads of his wife and children." Speaking of the poor blind little girl who came each day to the prison to carry away the little work he did which was to support the family, he said: "Poor child; how hard it is like to go with thee in the world. Thou must be beaten and suffer hunger, cold and nakedness, and yet I cannot endure that even the wind should blow upon you." Here was a Demetrius who was willing to have religion cost him anything, but it was going to cost his wife, and his blind child, too, and his other children.

We have not to wait for tomorrow for such examples of the coming day; some quiet neighbor that you know, some man beside you in the store, scores on our commonest and our richest streets, already belong to that tomorrow. Like Demetrius of Ephesus, they have been in the situation which required of them to choose between their bread and butter and their ideal, and they have chosen the ideal. When such as these take up the service of man, no boss will ask what they want, or how much they can be bought for; when such stand for a principle, no man will ask whether they can afford it; they have committed their souls to the captivity of the highest and none can make them afraid.

Poverty asked, "Will it cost too much?"
  Mammon asked, "Will it pay?"
And Scholarship, "Is the measure wise,
  And are you sure of the way?"
Statesmanship, "Can we find the time
  To finish before the night?"
But when the Seeker had heard them all
  He only asked, "Is it right?"

Poverty said, "I cannot help,
  For my pockets are not filled."
Mammon said, "That land must wait
  Till my own broad fields are tilled."
Scholarship, "If I lend a hand,
  Too much, I fear, I shall miss;"
And Statesmanship, "There are other things
  Of as large import as this."

But the Seeker, poor and of little power,
  All untried and untaught,
Bearing only the knowledge proud
  That his heart could not be bought,
Turned his face to a rugged path,
  Far from the world's delight,
And only said, "Come death, come day,
  Profit or loss, I fight!"

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER VII.

RELIGION.

From Peter Cooper:

New York, August 16, 1864.

Gerrit Smith, Esq.

Dear Sir:—

I have read with great pleasure the book of lectures you so kindly sent me. (Lectures and Addresses on Religious Subjects.) I believe the work will render an invaluable service to the cause of truth in the advancement of a rational religion. I hope you will not cease in your efforts in that direction.

Your book reminded me of a conversation that I heard on a steamboat more than forty years ago, between a venerable old gentleman and a passenger, on the subject of religion. In answer to a question the old gentleman said:

"In the beginning religion was natural and plain;
Priests made it a mystery and offerings made it gain."

It has been the world's misfortune in all ages that men have sought to gratify their pride and selfishness by making a mystery of religion. . . . I hope the day will come when Christianity will be found to be a rational religion divorced from ignorance, and no longer linked with superstitions; when our religious teachers shall be relieved from all creeds and systems of human device, and be encouraged as the Lord's freedmen to traverse the wide fields of nature and gather truth fresh from the inspirations of God, with which to feed the starving souls of their congregations.

Hoping that many editions of your book may be called for and read, and that you may long live to bless the world by your labors, I remain

Yours truly,

PETER COOPER.

P. S.—I have sent to your address by mail a copy of the Cooper Union Report; also copies of letters to the President, Gov. Seymour and Rev. H. W. Bellows.

The receipt of a letter conveying such sentiments as find expression in this letter, thirty years earlier in his career, would have profoundly shocked Gerrit Smith. When, as a young man, his thoughts turned to religion, it was to the evangelical type of religion. Mrs. Backus, the mother of his first wife, a woman of fervent piety, continued to make her home with him for some years after the death of her daughter; and it was from her, according to Aunt Betsey Kelty, that Gerrit received his thorough-going indoctrinating in orthodoxy. He was an entirely unquestioning believer in all the teachings of the evangelical Christianity of his day.

It will be interesting to consider briefly the attitude of himself and his wife before God, in the years anterior to the time of questioning. It was an attitude that, very largely, has passed from the conviction of thoughtful Protestantism. Its passing has not been without some loss of faith, some relaxing of the reign of conscience over conduct, notwithstanding the great intellectual gain that has come to Christianity by its departure. For it held men, when it held them at all, by a tremendous grip, enforcing its mandates by explicit words of the Almighty, and by all the dreadful terrors of an unescapable judgment and a Dantean hell.

Gerrit Smith was the most active member of the Presbyterian Church in Peterboro. He superintended its Sunday School. He served on the session. If, for any reason, the pastor was absent, he took the pulpit and read a sermon; and it is significant that he often read sermons by Doctor Finney on such occasions. As a layman of prominence and sincere piety, he was in demand for church gatherings outside of his town. Here is an instance:

The Diary:

April 24, 1828. This Tuesday I assisted in laying the corner-stone of the Dutch Church in Chittenango. I addressed the large assemblage of people collected on the occasion. I at first refused to perform these services, but my friends Rev. Dr. Yates and John B. Yates would not allow me to persevere in the refusal.[12]

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PETERBORO.

Now the union school. The church was organized in 1811 and this edifice built in 1820. After services had been permanently given up Gerrit Smith bought the property and presented it to the town. A large room in the church building is set apart as a hall for public uses.

Family prayers, accompanied with Bible reading, always were observed in the home. In the church, there were not infrequently days of fasting and prayer, and these were kept by Gerrit Smith's family with utmost conscientiousness. The children, reared in this atmosphere, came naturally under the sway of a personal, intimate sense of relationship to God. Very beautiful was the unity of religious feeling and purpose between husband and wife. Here is an entry in the Diary, almost too sacred for our curious eyes:

October 29, 1831. On the evening of this day my dear wife for the first time prayed audibly in my presence. We were alone in our large front room. It was 10 o'clock. I asked her if she would follow me in prayer. She assented and made an appropriate and sweet prayer.

A little later than this date we discover another entry showing the resignation to the divine will, of the same earnest woman. Mrs. Smith had been very sick; her life almost despaired of. "In the most dangerous periods of her illness," runs the Diary, "my dear wife was perfectly resigned to the will of her heavenly Father. She expected and was willing to die soon. The state of her mind showed that she had not built her house upon the sand."

In the type of religion to which Mr. and Mrs. Smith were so entirely devoted, weighty emphasis was laid on the necessity of experiencing the deepest sense of personal guilt before God. The state of mind finds expression in this record. The Diary:

March, 1834. This Friday evening my dear wife and I, under a sense of our sins, resolved to spend the following day in fasting and prayer and searching of heart. We are especially to pray for ourselves and for each other.

But the most complete expression of the evangelical convictions of Gerrit Smith and his wife is set forth in a little manuscript volume composed by them jointly, as the basis of a memoir of their son Fitzhugh. Fitzhugh was no ordinary boy. He seems to have inherited a strong tendency to devoutness, but the peculiarities of his inward, spiritual anxieties and struggles were the results of the training to which he had been subjected in home, church and Sunday School. It was a source of great joy to his father and mother, and of humble gratitude to God, when they were able to discover signs that their darling was distressed at the condition and peril of his soul.

He often, before his last sickness, expressed his hope in the Savior (we quote from the manuscript mentioned above), though our confidence that it was "a good hope through grace" was never strong. That he had seasons of pungent convictions of sin, is not to be doubted. One of these was in the spring of 1834. How lively and distressing a sense of sin he had at that time, may be inferred from the following lines written by himself in pencil on a blank leaf in a hymn book. They were probably written during a protracted religious meeting, and doubtless whilst he was in the house of God:

"Dear Elizabeth, do pray for me. I am a sinner before God. I have broken his holy commandments. Do, dear sister, comply with my request and pray for me, or else I will sink to that awful pit. I will pray for myself, dear sister, and do, do pray for me, for I am cursed and will go down to perdition unless something is done.

Remember your only brother,
FITZHUGH SMITH."

Beneath these lines, in the handwriting of his sister, are the following words: "I will try to pray for you, my dear brother."

This appeal was written probably a few days before April 6, under which date his father's Diary says:

My dear son manifested more religious tenderness, more concern for his soul yesterday, than I had ever known him to do before. He even hopes that he is a Christian.

In the light of twentieth century Christianity, this temper of mind seems well nigh incredible; but seventy-five years ago how real it was!

[12] Nehemiah Huntington, an active member of the church, during the years in which Gerrit Smith's membership lay, had known the Websters in his college days; and told of visiting the Webster home on an occasion, with Daniel; whereupon the father, speaking of his two boys, remarked to him that, "Ezekiel knew more than he could tell; and Daniel could tell more than he knew."

The manuscript referred to speaks of the excellent religious influence of Elizabeth over Fitzhugh. She was some two years his senior.

It is a number of years since she gave evidence of her adoption into the family of Christ, and two years since she made a public confession of religion. In her last letter to her brother, dated at Rochester, two days after his fatal illness commenced, she says: "I hope, ere long, my dear brother, I shall hear that you have bid farewell to the trifles of earthly things, and that you have welcomed the Savior to your heart. What a state you are in, my dear brother; liable to death at any moment, and if your peace is not made with God, then, dear boy, consider, consider the wickedness of your heart in remaining in sin against God. The Christian, in a right frame of mind, as he is about to lay himself down after the fatigues of the day upon his bed, can say with the Psalmist, 'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.'"

Writing to her father about this time, with Fitzhugh's spiritual condition the burden of her letter, his sister asks: "Pa, do you think Fitzhugh is prepared to die?" (She had not yet heard of her brother's illness when these anxious letters were written.)

The reader will bear in mind the ages of these two, and their character. Elizabeth was between 13 and 14, Fitzhugh between 11 and 12! Both were as nearly blameless children as ever gladdened parental hearts and won the friendship of the devout and good. The most conscientious observance of Fitzhugh's conduct by parents who would have accounted it infidelity to God to overlook faults in one whom heaven had intrusted to their care, failed to discover anything more grave in the way of a fault than an occasional inclination to play in the time set apart for study. He was really a little saint; sweet, pure, sympathetic, friendly, and of precocious piety. His child companions loved him, his Sunday School teacher adored him, his governess, Miss King, was exceedingly fond of him, and Mr. Bailey, of the school in Utica, which Fitzhugh was attending when he fell ill, and where he died, was quite as attached to him. In a word, one and all who knew the boy, cherished for him, not only strong liking, but that deep respect which noble character inspires. And yet this good child was not only permitted, but encouraged, to distress himself over a fancied eternal peril to his soul because of his sins.

(To be Continued.)

ROGER WILLIAMS.

The man of freedom is the man of peace, the man of conscience is the man who abides forever in the council of the Almighty, whose best name is Love.

Today our tardy wreaths we place
Below thy name on Fame's long scroll—
Thou strong, unyielding, fearless soul!
Thy aim was Right,—not Might—
And Peace, and Love and Freedom:
Peace wherein to dwell in love
With all who named the Name Above
As Leader, Friend and Guide;
Freedom from compromise and cant;
From all vain-gloriousness and pride,
And conscience pricks for faith denied.
Misunderstood? Persecuted? Exiled!
Into the ice-fields and the drifted snow
We see thee stalk—head high, and gaze toward the
Leafless forest—and Providence; and lo!
Thy intrepidity was blessed of God,
And we, thy debtors, own our meed to thee,
And in our hearts thy cenotaph.

—M. B. P.

(Suggested by the closing sentence of Mr. Jones' sermon on Roger Williams, January 25.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

VIII.
Enoch

TEXT: *See the earth and observe the things that are done on it, from the first to the last, how no work of God is irregular in appearing.*

—Chapter ii:2.

The previous lessons in this course will give you a clue to the study of Enoch. It is a work picked from the by-paths of culture, not in the line of Greek and classic training, nor in the direct line of conventional Jewish training. But when you know your Enoch you will recognize it as a veritable key to the New Testament, and even the fragments that we possess will show the influence of Greek culture on the sacred writings.

Enoch first appears to us in an early legend of the Jews, in the fifth chapter of Genesis. After giving his genealogy, the seventh in the line of descent from Adam, the account runs:

And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah: and Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters: and all the days of Enoch were three hundred and sixty and five years: and Enoch walked with God: and he was not: for God took him.

The two men in the Old Testament who are said to have never died are Enoch and Elijah. The passage quoted is the only justification in the case of Enoch. Imagination took more vivid form at the time of Elijah and he is reported as carried to heaven by a whirlwind, with chariots and horses of fire. So we have reason to believe that Enoch was a commonplace in the bedtime stories of the Jewish grandmother, just as Merlin was a commonplace to the Celtic grandmother.

As the Jews developed into a nation, and evolved a literature, and a coherent system of philosophy and ethics, they had to enter into the competition of nations. It was a battle of Jew vs. Babylon, Jew vs. Persia, Jew vs. Greece and Rome. The necessity was upon him, he had to make good, and in holding his own, his wits were sharpened, his ideas made more definite. He entered the lists in literature and by processes which scholars can explain, the inchoate material floating through the traditions of a devout people, the folklore of the pious, took form and became a definite literature.

Once again we find that it was in Alexandria,—the mighty seething caldron, the melting pot of the nations of that time,—that there appeared various fragments in which this tradition of Enoch, the forefather, the chosen of God, was made a vehicle of Jewish hopes, ambitions, philosophy and history. Just

in the same way the Greek Sibyls were the vehicles of Jewish ideas in the second century A. D., and the story of Baruch, a second century B. C. production, is the vehicle of an old Jewish tradition with possibly some historical background.

In the New Testament there is a curious little book, a perplexity to deacons and elders in the orthodox ranks, difficult to make infallibly inspired. such a shred of truth is it, and with so little coherency. It is the Book of Jude, just squeezed into the Canon through the pious anxiety of some of the early Christian fathers, perhaps in the third or fourth century. The author of Jude quotes from Enoch thus:

> And to these also Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold, the Lord came with ten thousand of his holy ones, to execute judgment upon all, and to convict all the ungodly of all their works of ungodliness which they have ungodly wrought, and of all the hard things which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.

Until about a hundred and fifty years ago no man knew to what this referred. Though the early fathers quoted from the book of Enoch, it had seemingly passed down and out, but in 1773 an Englishman by the name of Bruce came upon three copies of an Ethiopic version in Abyssinia. He placed one copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, another at Paris and the third he kept himself. This discovery did not make much impression for forty years; not, in fact, until Bishop Laurence of the Episcopal Church translated the Ethiopic version into English, and it was seen how the contents make perfectly plain many New Testament obscurities. The points in the narrative are accounted for in this way. In the time of Cain and Seth, among the immediate descendants of Adam and Eve, the women were very beautiful and the angels of heaven became enamored of them. A certain group of angels said: "It is stupid up here; let us go down and have a good time with the daughters of men." So they abandoned heaven and commingled with the daughters of men, who became mothers of a race of giants. Grown numerous and powerful the giants did not behave themselves and their wickedness precipitated the Deluge, as predicted by Enoch.

The book tells further strange stories of angels found under the rocks. It has a section concerning the Messianic idea such as the New Testament interpreted in the person of Christ, the Son of Man, the Son of God, and the Resurrection. It is full of devils, and of angels galore, with definitive names, Uriel, Rafael, Michael, Gabriel, Fanuel, etc.

This book was translated in 1881 by Prof. George H. Schodde of the Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, and also by Professor Charles of Oxford, England. The twenty sections in which the book is divided may be abstracted as follows:

Section I. Introductory.
Section II. Beginning of Book, Fall of the Angels.
Section III. Enoch hiding.
Section IV. An excursion through Heaven, etc.
Section V. Vision of Heaven and Hell.
Section VI. Vision of Wisdom.
Section VII. First Parable.
Section VIII. The Messiah. A wild, enthusiastic kind of a Second Adventist dream of a Messiah's visit from Heaven that will purge the earth with fire, and re-establish eventually the kingdom of righteousness and morality.
Section IX. Parable III, of the Just.
Section X. Noahic interpretation.
Section XI. Another Noahic interpretation.
Section XII. Enoch translated into Paradise.
Section XIII, XIV and XV. The wildest kind of astronomy, the sun, moon and stars, dew and clouds. Science upside down, but the best they knew at that time, very interesting but absurdly impossible.
Section XVI. A Vision of the Deluge.
Section XVII. Mystic symbolism of the old Jewish story which represented people as animals; the Jews as domestic animals and the rest wild.
Section XVIII. Enoch's advice to poserity.
Section XIX and XX. The birth of Noah.

In this little book of Enoch, about two-thirds comment and one-third text, we have piety and poetry. It is poor science, but full of humanity. The text, without note or comment, would be charming reading. It was first written in Hebrew or Aramaic and later translated into the current language. We have only a few verses of the Greek translation. It took shape in Alexandria, later was lost, stranded in a rubbish heap amid the crude and superstitious Christians in Abyssinia, where this Ethiopic version was unearthed by an English traveler in the eighteenth century.

Spiritualists may find a lot in this book to rejoice in. Enoch is the Semitic Milton. Milton knew he was writing poetry and not theology, but the Puritan world worked his imaginings into the Bible, with the result that the orthodox interpretation is often Miltonic and not scriptural.

A good introduction to the study of this book of Enoch is found in the Encyclopedia Biblica.

---

(1) Where in our Bible is Enoch mentioned?
(2) Give story of finding of fragment of Book of Enoch.
(3) To what is this book the key?

WHEN MOTHER COMES MARCHING DOWN

Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

When Mother comes marching down to vote,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The brewery will sit up and note,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Some sons may sulk—some Fathers pout—
But the MOTHERS—they will all turn out
And they'll all—plunk straight—when
Mother comes down to vote!

When Sister shall enter the voting booth,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The False will tremble before the Truth,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
She'll call each wrong by its rightful name,
(And the office-seeker will think the same)
And all nice—young men—will
Watch how the Ladies vote.

When Wives may vote for what they will,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The Home and School will feel the thrill!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They'll take no "jobs"—they'll want things *done*,
The old-time grafter will get the run,
And the World—will—move—when
Wives may vote their will.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Let's give the Women three times three—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The faithful men who seek the Good,
With Woman's help will clear the road;
And we'll all—thank—God—that
Women can help us vote.

The Public Good. —*J. Niles Wheeler.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

ARMENIAN IMMIGRATION

At the meeting of the class in Immigration, Monday, January 19, 1914, Mr. Jones presided, and Mr. Dikitian, of the Armenian Colonial Association, spoke on the Armenian immigration. The speaker began by emphasizing the difference between an Armenian and a Turk, which he said was as great as the difference between an American and a Chinese. Just as emphatically, later, he drew the distinction between the Armenian and the Syrian. Three causes contribute to the emigration of the Armenian. Some leave seeking an education. They have a leaning toward the professions and in the universities of America there are 400 students, five professors, several associate professors and tutors.

Second. The civil liberty and personal freedom in the United States invites many who find life unbearable under existing conditions in Armenia.

The treatment accorded men in the army is the third cause.

They leave a beautiful country about the size of Illinois, with good climate and a fertile soil, but where for the last thiry years the political situation has been most unfavorable. There is no liberty of speech, press or life, and no safety of life, honor or property. The people often suffer famine because there are no adequate transportation facilities, and the cities depend on the surrounding country and villages for supplies, which fail when these are plundered, as has so frequently happened in past years.

With sympathy for his country, and with pride of race which he is anxious to keep pure, the Armenian leaves, hoping, however, for a reform in the home government which will enable him to return and live as a man should live.

They find here liberty and freedom to enjoy life, but they feel that the latter is often much abused. They delight in our free libraries and museums. There are one hundred thousand Armenians in the United States. In Chicago four years ago there were between one hundred and two hundred. Now there are one hundred and thirty families, numbering one thousand five hundred people. They are scattered from West Pullman to Evanston with a crowded settlement near Grand Avenue, Ohio and Halsted streets. Those that come from the farms and are without education go into the factories as laborers. Though 25 per cent are illiterate, 50 per cent are well educated. Four of our prominent merchants are Armenian rug dealers. Twenty-five are in the rug cleaning and repairing business; two are candy manufacturers and there are several draftsman and engravers.

They have no pauper class in Chicago, but at present there are 400 idle men. As workers they are not strongly organized. Most of them belong in Armenia to the Gregorian order, at whose head is a Catholicus appointed by the Czar of Russia. They have no priest in Chicago.

The Protestants have the Armenian Colonial Association. They have services every two weeks conducted by Mr. Dikitian, though he is not an ordained minister. This association, which is organized to help all Armenians, has branches at Paris, New York and Chicago. They have lecture bureaus, employment agencies and they maintain a fund to assist students.

Reported by— MARTHA C. DAMEIER.

COLONEL GOETHALS—THE PROPHET ENGINEER

If Colonel Goethals had been an Englishman and had built the Panama Canal and governed the Zone for England, he would have been made a peer of the realm. A title for him has indeed been suggested—Lord Culebra. (It would help a good many to be relieved in this way of the necessity of learning after much difficulty the accepted pronunciation of his name—Go-th'ls.) This, however, is not the way America honors its citizens. Instead of this, Colonel Goethals is invited to one meeting after another, where he hears himself praised and is presented with a medal. He re- President Wilson, from the National Geographic Society; another in New York at the hands of Dr. J. H. Finley, head of the New York State educational system, from the Civic Forum; and a third, also in New York, at the hands of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, from the National Institute of Social Sciences.

At the presentation of the Civic Forum medal (which was designed by the gifted young sculptor, Paul Manship) a poem written for the occasion was read by its author, Percy MacKaye. It is not only a fine example of occasional verse, but a stirring description of Colonel Goethals' task, and of the spirit in which he accomplished it, as the following stanzas show:

"A man went down to Panama
  Where many a man had died
To slit the sliding mountains
  And lift the eternal tide;
A man stood up in Panama,
  And the mountains stood aside.

For a poet wrought in Panama
  With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with flood and fire
  To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs
  And his stanzas roared in steam.

Where old Balboa bent his gaze
  He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
  Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed
  Steamed Goethals and his crew;
So nevermore the tropic routes
  Need poleward warp and veer,

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But on through the Gates of Goethals
The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of man are led toward peace
By the prophet-engineer."

There were also read at this meeting characterizations of Colonel Goethals written by the Presidents under whom he has served.

It was the chairman of the meeting, Dr. Finley, who pointed out that this "prophet-engineer" is a product of American public education, for the only schools he went to were the public schools of New York City; the only college, the College of the City of New York, a public institution; and the only professional school, the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Educated thus by democracy, Colonel Goethals is a living refutation of the theory that what is gained in liberty through democratic government is lost in inefficiency. There was a special appropriateness, therefore, in the presentation of this medal from an organization that stands for the democratic expression of public opinion. There was a special appropriateness, also, as Dr. Lyman Abbott pointed out in a brief speech, that the reward that comes to such a public servant in a democracy is a call to further service.

This call has come to Colonel Goethals in several forms, of which the most noteworthy is the invitation from Mayor Mitchel extended to Colonel Goethals to become Police Commissioner of New York City. Mayor Mitchel's speech at this meeting was not in explicit praise of the builder of the Canal, but it was even a greater tribute to him than any laudation could be, for it was an appeal to the people to make known to the Legislature their insistence that the police bills which will remove the one obstacle to Colonel Goethals becoming Police Commissioner be made law.

The Outlook.

In the current issue of *Farm and Fireside*, H. J. Minhinnick tells how, when he was a boy, there were in his class in high school six sons and seven daughters of farmers living in the district, which comprised ten townships. Of the six boys two became doctors, two lawyers, one minister and the other died while attending the university. Of the girls five became teachers, one a nurse and the seventh married a merchant. In other words, not one of the thirteen returned to the farm. Two years ago he visited his old home for the first time in twenty-five years and found that of the twelve farms (two of the pupils were brother and sister) not a single one remained in the family that held it thirty years ago. The writer goes on as follows:

"Now comes the more interesting side of the story. On the twelve farms, which totaled about 1,900 acres, there are now living fifty-one families, of which forty-two had moved from the towns and cities, but nine families had a direct farmer ancestry. Of these nine, eight had bought their lands, and only one had acquired its farm by inheritance.

"On the visit referred to the writer had to rub his eyes and pinch himself to make sure he was awake. He was driven out in an automobile over roads so beautifully macadamized and kept that they compared favorably with the best city pavements. The fences were of wire, and all along them were planted beautiful maple and walnut trees. The cultivation came right up to the fences, and the roadsides were as clean as the fields. Every inch of land was in the highest possible state of cultivation, and there were not ten fields of hay or grain visible in a thirty-mile drive.

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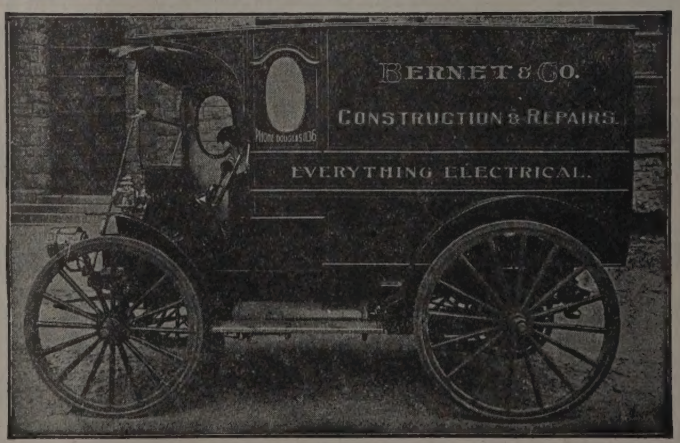

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